

Real Estate Loan and Insurance

—EXCHANGE—

I have over 300 of the most desirable Residence Lots in Rhinelander for sale, ranging in price from \$100 to \$500 each. Also many of the Finest Business Sites. Time given purchasers who intend building. Time given purchasers who intend buying. Sole agent for all property of M. L. S. & W. R'y Co. Brown Brothers, S. H. Alban and others.

... LOANS ...

I can place any amount of money on improved Real Estate at 40 per cent. of its value, on from 1 to 5 years time, netting from 8 to 10 per cent. interest per annum.

- - INSURANCE - -

I represent several of the Heaviest and most liberal and reliable Insurance Companies doing business in the world, and make a specialty of writing Fire Insurance at Equitable Rates.

- - ABSTRACT - -

The only Abstracts of Oneida County Lands. Two Complete Sets.

Office on Duvenport Street.

PAUL BROWNE.



O. F. Wissler

MAKER OF FINE

CIGARS

The "Soo" and O. F. W
ARE OUR SPECIALTIES.

RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

DRY GOODS,
Groceries and Shoes.

Our line of Dry Goods is always well assorted with the newest things in market. Car load of Groceries always in stock. We carry the best and leading makes of Men's, Women's and Children's Fine Shoes, such as The Celebrated John Kelly, McClure, Blaser & Eggert and many other makes. Men's and Women's Furnishing Goods, Clothing Hardware and Lumbermen's Supplies, and a thousand other things too numerous to mention. We are also at the bottom on prices.

SPAFFORD & COLE.

Mrs. A. D. Stewart is at Antigo for a short visit.

For dry wood, enquire of E. J. Dimick.

Walt Scott was in town on business Tuesday.

Platt Underwood has been in the city for several days.

Prices on photographs lower than ever at Wolcott's new gallery.

S. H. Bowman was at St. Paul and Minneapolis on business last week.

P. H. McGarry's family entertained a brother of his from Edmore, Mich., this week.

E. L. Dimick has dry wood, long or short, for sale. Delivered to any part of the city.

Miss Carrie Bishop returned from an extended visit to her parents at White-water, Tuesday.

A bunch of keys was picked up on the street and left at this office. Owner will please call for same.

M. W. Waite, of Antigo, was up to the business center of the northern section of Wisconsin Tuesday.

Anyone wishing to rent furnished rooms will do well to call on Mrs. Rendfield, in the C. Ely house on Pelham street.

S. H. Alban and B. R. Lewis, with their families and a few friends from below, are spending the week camping at Pine Lake.

The ladies of the M. E. church will give a social at the church parlors next Wednesday evening. Ice cream and cake will be served.

Buy berries by the case of W. L. Beers & Co., they weigh from 5 to 10 pounds more per case than berries bought elsewhere.

Dr. T. B. McIndoe received a telegram yesterday announcing the death of his aunt at Wausau. He and Archie left on the noon train to attend the funeral.

Miss Frankie Morrill, of Menominee, Mich., visited Mr. and Mrs. Sam Conroy here this week. A pleasant party was given by her entertainers Tuesday evening.

Brown & Robbins have taken a big contract to lumber something like seventy-five million feet of pine up in the northern peninsula. It belongs to Bray & Choate, of Oshkosh.

Miss Phelps, of Oconto, Mrs. O. A. Tubbs, of Wayland, Mich., and Mrs. L. E. Gerrish, of West Superior, Wis., are in the city to attend the Chapman-Robbins nuptials this evening.

The Screen Door Factory is completed on the exterior, grounds all graded and presents a fine appearance. The motive power is in running order and the machinery will soon be put in place.

Five hundred cords of slab wood will be sold by Sheriff Mericle on the 22d inst. at the Kindling Wood Factory, together with several other batches of material, including eight thousand bundles of kindling wood.

Hugh Rodgers was up from Tomahawk yesterday. There are a good many people here who would like to have him write Rhinelander after his name on the hotel registers, and stranger things have happened than that.

There will be a short program in connection with a Magic Lantern exhibition given at the Congregational church Wednesday evening, Aug. 28, interesting to the children as well as older people. Singing and recitations, with other music. Cake and coffee will be served during the evening in the parlors. A program will be given later.

Among the other few little jobs which the sanctimonious sucker from the sylvan shades of Shakerville, yet left Crandon, has taken upon himself to do while in Rhinelander one day of the week, is to run the trade of the Rapids House. He is succeeding as well as in his other lines.

Ben Sweet is in the city today. He was a passenger on McBride's stage from Tomahawk up to the junction and narrowly escaped a serious accident. As it is he was badly bruised and cut in jumping from the stage. The team ran away and demolished everything. McBride had his leg broken.

Rhinelander saw mills are doing exceptionally good work this season. The D. B. Stevens Lumber Co.'s mill last month averaged 63,000 daily—a good record for a single rotary. Brown Bros. are running close to 125,000, and Brown & Robbins the same. The Conroy mill is cutting upwards of 60,000 daily, and Olson & Micklejohn, running night and day, get out 120,000. The Rhinelander Lumber and Shingle Co. is doing regular big days' work, and the Bristol mill is holding up its reputation as the dandy mill on the river. Some fine stocks of lumber are being piled here now.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Three interesting contests.—The Leans are victorious over the Fats.

THE EAGLE RIVER GAMES.

The new base ball park was opened Saturday with a good sized crowd. The game was a one-sided affair, but the spectators got plenty of enjoyment out of it. Eagle River came down to try to repeat their former success against the O. F. Ws. Their success was only moderate. Baldwin went into the box for them, and the dressing down that his pitching got was a revelation to all beholders. He was batted for eleven singles, six two baggers, two three baggers and a home run, which gave the home team seventeen runs, the hitting being helped out by an error quite often by an Eagle River fielder. Clausen pitched the first inning for our team, and struck out the side on nine balls. Eagle River thereupon refused to play any more. They started to leave the grounds, but after considerable delay they returned to finish the game. Jacobson going into the box in the second inning. A base on balls, two hits and two errors gave Eagle three runs in this inning. During the remainder of the game they succeeded in making one more single, and the home club played an errorless game, shutting them out. Following is the summary:

Innings. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
O. F. Ws. 3 0 0 5 3 3 1 3 0—17
Eagle River. 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—3

Earned runs, O. F. Ws. 10; two base hits, Stratton, Donahue, Clausen; Smith 2; Jewell; three base hits, Donahue, Jones, Home run, Clausen. Base on balls, Jacobson 2; Baldwin 2. Struck out, Clausen 3; Jacobson 7; Baldwin 7. Passed ball, Hall 3.

Sunday's game was simply frightful. Eagle River intended to have McGinnis and Wife, of Ironwood fame, for a battery, but through some misunderstanding they failed to come. Baldwin again went in the box and in the first inning catcher Hall injured his hand so that he had to retire. Vanderveen then went in and Baldwin caught. Eagle River made numerous errors, while the home team made but one. Jones did the pitching for our team, and let down the Eagles with but five singles and a shut out, retiring a dozen on strikes. Following is a summary of the game:

Innings. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
O. F. Ws. 1 5 0 2 3 2 2 2 17
Eagle River. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Earned runs, O. F. Ws. 7. Two base hits, Donahue, Squier, Bishop, Jones 2; Van Erven 4. Passed balls, Hall 2; Baldwin 5.

FOR THE CRANKS.

Charley McGrossen inspired both games in splendid style. Not a protest was made on either side.

The crowd gave Moon, of Eagle River, quite a friendly turning over during Saturday's game, but he took it good naturedly.

Clausen is something of a slugger. His battling will help the club as well as his pitching.

No player has ever appeared in Rhinelander who is more of a favorite than Stratton. He will cover second every game for the O. F. Ws.

Jones played a fine third base Saturday. Two of his stops and throws were liberally applauded.

Some of the Eagle River boys went home pretty sore over their defeat, but not one of them—the players—could complain of being ill-treated or grieved in any such manner as the O. F. Ws. got it up then.

Milwaukee has jumped the Western and is now in the American Association.

Wausau has three new hired players, and expect to regain their former prestige. They play here next Wednesday and Thursday.

FATS VS. LEANS.

The big game was Tuesday. Nine heavies and nine slims furnished any amount of amusement for a good sized crowd which applauded and yelled to their hearts' content. The Leans were too much for them, although the Fats started off with a big lead in the first inning. Reardon and Charley Hinman started in as the battery for the slims, but it only took one inning for them to find out that they should change places. The heavies scored eight runs in the first, and only three in all the rest. Hinman's pitching was too swift for them. Several of the Fats took a turn in the box and behind the plate, and the Leans had an easy thing, winning with 23 runs. Beck was easily the star of the day. He not only caught a couple of good hits, but he made the longest hit ever seen here. It was away over the fence. The fats are not satisfied with the outcome by a long shot and are talking of another game for \$50 a side.

Some Good Road Work.

Street Commissioner O'Donnell, under the guidance of the town board, has done some excellent work on Rhinelander's most travelled streets—notably on Thayer and Brown. Thayer street especially needed the widening, filling and grading which has been given it from the corner of Frederick to the Soo track. A laborious job, that of cutting through the east of the Soo tracks, is a needed and excellent piece of work.

Robbins-Chapman Wedding.

This evening at 7:30 o'clock an important society event will take place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Robbins. Miss Minnie Robbins will become Mrs. Charles S. Chapman, of Detroit, Mich. Presiding Elder Cole, Appleton, will perform the ceremony, which will be given in the presence of only relatives. Miss Minnie Robbins is one of the most accomplished and highly esteemed young ladies in the city. The groom is a prosperous young business man of Detroit, a brother of W. C. Chapman, so well and favorably known here. They have hosts of friends here who join in well wishes. The newly wedded couple will take a brief trip east for their wedding tour.

Herman Briggs, of New London, is in town this week on business.

For the benefit of the pompous little pill peddler and the two dupes, who called upon Moon, of the Review, at Eagle River last week, and told him that he must roast Bishop in some way for writing up Doc Newell's case of rattles on the recent excursion, we will say that Moon now knows that they lied to him, and moreover that had the call been made after the second "excursion" their request would have been treated with the dignified and decisive information that Moon was running that paper on his own hook and if any money was made by it, it was his, etc. Something that would have sounded familiar to the commodore, but at the same time done the business. See? Moon knows, as does every citizen of Eagle River, that no one was misrepresented by the New North's write up of the ball game or excursion, and it is a pleasure to note that the editor of the Review has discovered the fact that when one smart aleck in a place the size of Eagle River thinks the whole town is insulted when he gets his just deserts, it is time to call him down.

North Side Notes.

The last few days have been very warm.

B. T. Plugh is erecting a house on the lot recently purchased by him.

The "Soo" Lumber Co. have enlarged their yards. They now extend to the county road.

Mrs. Walters, a former resident of Clintonville, now of Eagle River, is visiting friends and relatives here.

The work on Brown Bros.' new planing mill is being rapidly pushed. The engine house and frame are already up.

For fire protection A. Como & Son have added 400 feet more hose, a new hand cart and have built sheds for same.

The Faust Electric Light Co. are busily engaged putting in heavier wires and extending them to the Olson & Micklejohn and "Soo" Lumber Co.'s mills.

Baby carriages—all the styles—all prices—at Hildebrand's.

Clothes Cleaning.

William Weste is ready to clean or mend all clothing promptly. All work done neatly and at reasonable rates. Shop on Thayer Street, in building formerly occupied by A. Biala.

For Sale.

All or a part of 140 acres of fine wood land 2½ miles from Rhinelander. Several acres cleared, a good two story frame house and well. Has 150 thousand of pine, lots of pulp wood, but the most is hard wood. Enquire at Jewell & Bastian's for particulars.

At Bargain.

I have the following described property which I will sell at reasonable figures: Lots 11 and 12 in Block 12; Second addition; Lot 3, in Block 6; First addition; Lot 11, in Block 1; Brown's 2nd, Replat; House and lot in Block 9, on Thayer St., or will sell my two houses and lots on Stevens street.

Lands for Sale.

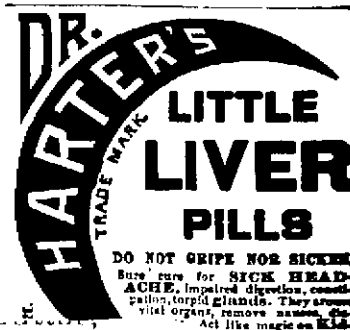
Lands for sale by Shaw & Dorr, located only one or two miles south of Rhinelander, Section 8, 17, 18 and 19, Township 36, Range 6 East. Much of these lands suitable for farming purposes, at present covered with maple, birch, hemlock and some pine. Prices range from 1 to 10 dollars per acre. For particulars enquire of G. R. Shaw or L. F. Dorr, Antigo, Wis. Jy23dt.

The Soap
that
Cleans
Most
is Lenox.

For Genuine

JEWELL &
GROCERIES AND
FRESH FRUITS

Creamery and Dairy



Hay, Feed, Flour, Oats, Etc.

J. B. SCHELL
The Tailor.

I have the finest selections of Summer & Fall Woolens for Gents' wear you ever looked at.

Harness!

J. H. Schroeder,
BROWN STREET,

Rhinelander, - Wis.

Light and Heavy Harness,

And all Goods in my Line. Repairing done promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Orders from Lumbermen given special attention.

THE OLD AND RELIABLE FIRM,

CRANE, FENELON & CO.,

—Always Have on Hand a Full Line of—

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

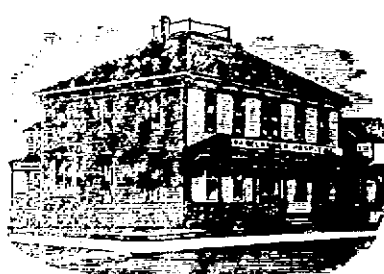
Rhinelander Hospital.

RHINELANDER - WIS.

A FIRST-CLASS INSTITUTION.

For \$5.00 your doctor's bill, nursing and board is paid, and a home provided you in case of sickness or injury, during the period of one year. No man without a home can afford to be without a ticket on this hospital. We will take pleasure in showing you through the hospital at any time.

T. B. MCINDOE, Resident Surgeon.



Central Market,

STEVENS ST.

JAS. GLEASON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

MEATS, PROVISIONS, FISH AND GAME.

Our customers can rely upon securing good fresh meat, fair treatment and low prices as it can be sold for. We solicit a share of the city trade. Market next to C. O. D. Store. RHINELANDER, WIS.

E. G. SQUIER

—DEALER IN—

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Etc.,

Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Faute's Block.

Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

To **WOODWARD & COMPANY**, Minneapolis or Duluth.

Lewis Hardware Company, RHINELANDER.

ACORN STOVES AND RANGES.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF MILL AND LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES IN THE CITY.

A Complete Assortment of Belting, Packing and Lacing. Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes, Etc.

Next Door to Postoffice.

THE OCTORON

A STORY OF SLAVE DAYS.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDOCK.

People ascribe the sailor into her mistress's presence. He was a black-eyed, dark haired fellow, with a complexion that had grown copper-colored by exposure to the wind and sun. He opened a bale of silks and spread its contents at the feet of the Spanish girl.

Camilla glanced at them with listless indifference. "They are handsome," she said; "but I have no occasion for them."

"But you'll not refuse to buy something of a poor dealer, kind as he is, and the man, in an insinuating tone, "even if you do not wish for a silk dress, there may be something else among my stores that may tempt you to bid for it; see here!" he added, frowning in the folds of his loose trousers. "I've something here that perhaps you may take a fancy to."

He produced a red morocco case, large enough to contain a chain or bracelet. "Look here," he said, opening it, and holding it toward Camilla, so that she could see the contents. "You won't refuse me a dollar or two for this, eh, lady?"

Camilla could not repress a start of surprise. The case contained an imitation gold chain of the commonest workmanship, coiled round a note folded into the smallest possible compass. Upon the uppermost side of the note was written the word "Fidelity," in a handwriting which was well known to the Spanish girl.

"Will you buy the chain, lady?" asked the sailor.

Camilla opened an ornate casket on a table near her, and took out a handful of dollars, which she dropped into the sailor's palm.

"Will that do for your trouble, my good friend?" she asked.

"Right nobly, lady."

"If you can come again to-morrow, I may purchase something more of you."

The sailor grinned. "I'll come if I can, my lady," he answered, and with a respectful bow he left the room, followed by Peppin.

"Was I right, Camilla?" asked Madame Leslie.

"You were, dear Pauline; see, a note in Paul's hand!"

"I shall leave you to devour its contents."

"No, Pauline, I have no secrets from you henceforth," answered Camilla, unfolding the precious scrap of paper.

It contained these words:

"Farewell, dear, and do not think it guiltless that I have given you my sign. Be faithful and true, and I will yet be well, and remember that I may be near you when least you look for me. After an utter indifference to my life, and mine, I have now become your friend and ally. This is my last message. Above all, I beg of you to be true to the cause, and let me believe that I have left America forever."

"Ever and ever yours," "Pauline."

Camilla Moraguitos obeyed the instructions contained in this brief epistle, and when Don Juan entered her boudoir half an hour afterward, he found his daughter apparently in her usual spirits.

He looked at this change, and he noticed that Camilla and Pauline should go to the opera that evening, attended by himself, and the ladies assented with every semblance of gratification.

The opera house was thronged that night with all the rank and fashion of New Orleans. It was the occasion of the reappearance of a brilliant Parisian actress and singer who had lately returned to Louisiana after a twelve-month's absence in France.

The box occupied by Don Juan was one of the best in the house, and amongst all assembled, there was none lovelier or more admired than Camilla Moraguitos.

The Spanish girl wore a dress of rich amber silk, bordered with the costliest black lace.

Her classically molded head was encircled by a simple band of gold, studded with diamonds.

She wore a perfume of fawn of ebony and gold in her small gloved hand.

They had not been long seated in the box when they were joined by Augustus Horton, who placed himself at the back of the chair occupied by Camilla.

She was not a little surprised at this, after the interview of that morning, and the terrible and insulting repulse which the young planter had given her.

Will she was wondering what could have induced him to forget this, he bent his head and whispered in her ear—

"Let us forget all that passed this morning, Donna Camilla," he said, "forget and forgive my presumption as I forgive yours. Let us be what we were before today, friends and friends only."

Camilla raised her eyes to his face with a glance of surprise. Was this the man whose words that morning had breathed rage and vengeance? Had she wronged him in imagining him vindictive and treacherous?

Don Juan knew nothing of his daughter's rejection of Augustus Horton. He imagined, therefore, from the planter's presence in the box, that his suit had prospered.

About half an hour after the rising of the curtain, a letter was brought by one of the boxkeepers addressed to Don Juan Moraguitos.

"Who gave you this?" asked the Spaniard.

"A colored lad, sir, who said he was to wait for an answer," replied the boxkeeper.

"Tell him that I will see to it."

The man left the box and Don Juan opened the letter.

It was from Silas Craig, and contained only a couple of lines, requesting to see his employer without delay, on business of importance.

Don Juan rose to leave the box.

"I am never permitted to enjoy the society of my only daughter for a few hours without interruption," he said, bending gently over Camilla. "I am summoned away on some annoying business, but I will not be gone long, darling."

"But how long, dear father?"

"An hour at most. Meanwhile I leave you in the care of Mr. Horton."

"I accept the trust," answered Augustus, with enthusiasm.

In spite of the letter she had that morning received, Camilla found it impossible to simulate a gaiety which she did not feel.

She was silent and absent-minded, and replied in monosyllables to the gallant speeches of her admirer. She was thinking of the events of the day—Pauline Cora's promise and the letter from Paul Lisimon.

Once in looking downward at the crowd of faces in the pit of the theater she perceived one which was turned to the best advantage, and she noted, instead of the stage.

It was the copper-colored visage of the

author who had that morning brought her Paul's letter.

She knew not why, but she felt a thrill of pleasurable emotion vibrating through her breast as she beheld the rough face of this man. He knew, and was known to Paul. He could not then be other than a friend to her.

The watchful eye of Augustus Horton perceived her start of surprise as she beheld this man.

"One would think," he said, with something of a sneer, "that the lovely Donna Camilla Moraguitos had recognized an acquaintance in the pit of the theater."

Camilla did not reply to this remark. It was growing late and Don Juan had not returned. His daughter was unable to repress a feeling of uneasiness at his lengthened absence.

The Spaniard's affection for his only child was the one strong passion of his life. No love could have been more attentive than his to his daughter's slightest wish.

"Strange," murmured Camilla, as the after-piece drew to a close, "my father never fails to keep his word, yet it is now three hours since he left the theater."

The curtain fell, and the audience rose to leave the house.

"I will go and look for your carriage, Donna Camilla," said Augustus, "perhaps I may find your father waiting for you in the box without delay."

He left the box and returned in about three minutes to say that the carriage was at the door. Camilla's anxious eye detected something of agitation in his manner.

"My father," she said; "and you see him?"

"No, no," he answered, in rather a confused manner, offering his arm to Camilla. "I have not seen him yet. But pray let me lead you to your carriage, the corridors and lobbies are crowded."

He took no notice whatever of Pauline Cora, who followed as she best could, but who was speedily separated from them by the crowd, and by the rapidity with which Augustus hurried Camilla through the passages and down the stairs.

By the time they had reached the portico of the theater, they had completely lost sight of the French governess.

Augustus handed the Spanish girl so quickly into a carriage that she was not aware of any particular notice of the vehicle, but when seated inside, she saw, from the gleam of the lamps without, that the cushions and hangings were of a different color to those of her own equipage.

"Mr. Horton," she exclaimed, "this is not my carriage. Augustus is standing at the door as he spoke."

"No matter," he said; "we have no time to lose; drive on," he added, addressing the negro on the box, and at the same moment he sprang into the carriage and drew up the window.

She looked bewildered and alarmed by his conduct.

"You have forgotten Pauline," she exclaimed; "we are leaving her behind us."

"Mademoiselle Cora must shift for herself," answered the planter, as the carriage drove rapidly away, and turning out of the brilliantly lighted thoroughfare, plunged into one of the darkest streets in New Orleans. "I have wished to spare you all anxiety, Donna Camilla, but consequently can no longer avail myself of your father's help, and have sent for you."

"My father! I am dangerously ill!"

"Do not say that."

"But perhaps it is so. Oh, Heaven, my beloved and honored father!—that noble and generous father who never denied a wish of my heart—tell them to drive faster, for my sake! Let us lose no time in reaching him!"

She turned to Augustus Horton with a look of horror upon her face, and she saw that the man who had just driven so rapidly to the corner of a street at which there was a lamp.

The light of this lamp flashed upon the face of the planter as they drove rapidly by.

Brief as the moment was, Camilla fancied she detected a smile of triumph upon the countenance of Augustus Horton.

A thrill of horror swept through her veins as she thought that perhaps this smile about her father was some vile subtlety of her rejected lover.

She had often heard—heard of a careless and unheeding ear, of deeds of darkness done in the city of her birth.

She knew that the wealthy members of New Orleans society were not over scrupulous in the gratification of their passions—and she trembled as she thought of her helplessness—but she had the brave spirit of her father's race, and she had sufficient presence of mind to control her terror.

She determined upon testing her companion.

"Why did not my father send his own carriage for me?" she asked.

"Because Don Juan was not taken ill at the Villa Moraguitos. He was attacked in a gaming house, at the other end of the city, and it is thither I'm taking you."

"My father stricken with illness in a gaming-house!" said Camilla. "My father a gambler!"

"Alas, that surprises you no doubt. There are many secrets in this city of ours, Donna Camilla, and your father knows how to keep his. It was to avoid all scandal that I brought you away from the opera-house by a secret staircase. It would not have done for that brilliant assembly to know whether I was bringing you."

"It is to some infamous haunt then?"

"A vice as infamous," answered the planter. "It is to the haunt of the rich and idle—the aristocratic and dissipated. But perhaps your womanly nature shrinks from this ordeal. If it be so, I will drive you home without delay. There is no absolute necessity for your seeing your father tonight. To-morrow he may be well enough to return to the Villa Moraguitos, and in the meantime I do not think there is any serious danger."

These words were uttered slowly and hesitatingly, as if the speaker felt them to be untrue, and only spoke them in his desire to comfort his companion.

Camilla's suspicions were completely dispelled.

"You do not think he is in danger?"

Camilla Moraguitos so poor a coward as to shrink from visiting her beloved father because he lies in a gaming house? Had he been stricken in the most infamous den in New Orleans, I would enter it alone to comfort and succor him."

Had there been a lamp near to illumine the planter's face at this moment, Camilla might have again beheld the triumphant smile which had before alarmed her.

Five minutes after this the carriage stopped at a low door, in a dark but highly respectable looking street.

The negro coachman kept his seat, but Augustus sprang on to the pavement and handed Camilla out of the vehicle.

The door before which they had stopped appeared to be closed so securely, as to defy all the burglars in the city.

Yet Augustus Horton neither knocked nor rang for admission; there was a brass-plate upon the door; he simply pressed his finger against one of the letters engraved upon this plate, and the door opened slowly and noiselessly.

The passage within was unillumined by one ray of light. "Give me your hand, Donna Camilla," whispered the planter. The brave-hearted girl obeyed, and Augustus led her cautiously onward.

As he did so, he heard the door close behind her with a muffled sound.

They ascended a narrow winding staircase, at the top of which they entered a long corridor, lighted by shaded gas-lamps, which emitted a subdued illumination.

At the end of the corridor Augustus Horton opened the door of a room, into which he led Camilla.

In this room she expected to find her father; but she was cruelly disappointed.

The apartment was handsomely furnished and lighted with a lamp which hung from the ceiling, and which, like those in the corridor, shed a subdued and shadowy light; but it was empty.

Camilla looked hurriedly around her. All her suspicions had returned as she stepped on the floor to which the planter had brought her.

The door opening by its mysterious spring, the dark passage and winding stair, the strange silence of the place in which their footsteps sounded as if they had been shed with fell—all combined to inspire terror.

"My father! my father!" she exclaimed. "Where is he?"

"Heaven knows," answered Augustus, "perhaps searching for you in the portico of the opera house. Camilla Moraguitos, a young and noble to a world in which men have passions and re-vengeful hearts. You have much to learn, but you will take a lesson, it may be, ere long. This morning you insulted me; tonight you are in my power!"

"This morning?"

"I insulted you?"

"It was then as he expected—as she had feared. She was entranced—adjured—in the power of a villain and a hypocrite."

She knew not even in what quarter of the city this mysterious house was situated.

She was utterly ignorant of its character or its occupants.

It might be the den of a band of thieves—the haunt of a gang of murderers—and she was alone with a man who originally hated her with the vengeance of a wicked and vindictive soul.

Yet even in this terrible emergency, her courage did not forsake her.

Her high and noble spirit rebounded after the shock which had for one brief moment depressed it.

She looked at Augustus Horton, gazing upon him with such a glance of mingled horror and loathing, that the meanest hound would have shrunk from the countenances of her superior maintenance.

"I thought you a villain," she said, with cold deliberation, "unmixed with terror; but I did not think you were capable of such a deed as this. There were depths of black infamy which I will not fathom. I thank you for teaching me their black extent."

"You shall thank me for a better lesson ere we part, Camilla Moraguitos."

Again the Spanish girl looked at him with the same cold and withering gaze. "I do not fear you," she murmured between her clenched teeth; "I can suffer—but I can also die!"

Her small white hand wandered almost mechanically to the bosom of her silk dress, where, concealed by the rich folds of black lace, lurked the jeweled hilt of a small dagger.

It was a glittering toy, a bauble which, after the custom of her Spanish ancestry, she wore sometimes when the whim seized her—but playing through it was, the blade of the finest Toledo steel and workmanship.

"I can die," she repeated, as her fingers entwined themselves convulsively about the gemmed hilt of this tiny weapon.

"I can die," answered Augustus, with the bitter irony of some triumphant fiend, "you can die here, stabbed to the heart by your own hand, that jeweled dagger buried in your breast. And when your corpse is found here to-morrow, by the astounded police, they will think you had been by the assassinations of New Orleans? If you know them, Donna Camilla, as well as I, you would be able to guess what they will say. They will whisper to each other how the lovely and thoughtless daughter of Don Juan Moraguitos went to her father at midnight, in one of the secret chambers of a certain gambling house; where, on being pursued thither by her infuriated father, the unhappy girl, overcome by despair, drew a dagger from her bosom and stabbed herself to the heart. This is what will be said, unless I am much deceived in human nature."

"Oh, misery!" exclaimed Camilla.

"And even should the worthy citizens of New Orleans fail to put this malicious tradition upon your death, a few malicious whispers dropped by my chosen friends—a smile of triumph, and a shrug of the shoulders from myself will soon set about any report I please. So think twice before you say that pretty play-thing, pointing to the hilt she grasped in her hand; 'think twice if you are prudent, and remember that death to-night, and in this house, is not death alone—it is disgrace!'"

The young girl buried her face in her hands. She shuddered, but she did not speak.

Augustus Horton perceived that involuntary shudder, and an exclamation of triumph escaped his lips.

"Ah, proud Spanish woman, you whom the wealthiest and most aristocratic circles of New Orleans is not worthy to wed, you no longer defy me then. You tremble those stubborn lips refuse to utter those haughty words cannot stoop to kneel—you tremble! Now listen to me!"

He pushed a chair toward her.

She sank into it, and, as if with an effort, removed her hands from her face.

Whatever struggle she had endured in these few brief moments, she had conquered herself once more, and her face, though pale as death, was calm as that of a statue.

"Listen to me, Camilla Moraguitos," repeated the planter, raising his hand upon the back of her chair and addressing her with deliberate and icy distinctness. "I sought to wed you for your beauty, your aristocratic bearing, and your wealth. You, amidst all the beauties of Louisiana, were the only

woman whom I should have wished to place at the head of my table—to make the mistress of my house. Your beauty would have been mine—a part of my possessions; my pride, my boast. It would have pleased me to see you haughty and envious—treading the earth as if the soil were scarcely good enough to be trodden by your aristocratic foot. Your wealth would have sweetened my own large fortune, and made me the richest man in New Orleans. This, then, is why I sought to wed you. This is why I seek to wed you still."

"And more vainly now than ever," murmured the girl, "for I will test your resolution by and by. I have told you why I would you, but I have something yet more to tell you."

"I am listening, sir."

"I ever loved you! No, beautiful as you are, I can gaze with rapture upon your gorgeous face, but it is the rapture of an artist who beholds a priceless picture in some Italian gallery. I admire, and that is all. No thrill of warmer emotion disturbs the even beating of my heart. I have—no, I have not, I have stooped to bestow my affection upon the obscure and penniless dependent of your father—I love you below me in station—below me so infinitely that ever were I so weak a fool as to wish it, I would have you wedded to the poorest man to make her my wife. I love a daughter of the accursed race—a slave—an Octoron."

"What motive, then, could you have in bringing me hither?" said Camilla.

"What motive?" exclaimed the planter. "A motive far stronger than love—that motive is revenge. You have insulted me, Donna Camilla, and you have to learn that man never ever dared to insult Augustus Horton with impunity. I threaten no terrible punishment," he added, looking at his watch; "it is now two o'clock; when the morning sun rises upon New Orleans, and the streets begin to fill with traffic, I will conduct you to the Villa Moraguitos. You will suffer from this night's business, but no other harm will come of it. For your reputation, which you can only repair by accepting your humble servant as a husband."

"Coward, dastard, do you think I will ever consent to this?"

"I think on reflection you will see the prudence of doing so."

For a few moments Camilla remained silent, then turning upon the planter with sudden energy that threw him completely off his guard, she exclaimed—

"Augustus Horton, you talk to me of prudence. Shall I tell you what you will do if you are wise?"

"Yes, Donna Camilla. I am all attention."

"You will kill me here upon this spot. You will conceal my corpse in one of the secret recesses with which this den of infamy no doubt abounds. If you have one spark of prudence you will do this, for I swear to you by the stars of heaven that if ever I leave this place alive you shall pay dearly for your conduct of tonight."

"You threaten me, Donna Camilla—hor!"

"Ay, here, though this house were tenanted with murderers. Do you think my father, Don Juan Moraguitos, will spare the destroyers of his daughter's unsullied name?"

"Don Juan will believe that which the rest of New Orleans will believe. You will tell your story, but your father, fondly as he may love you, will smile at its incredulity. Your midnight abduction, your being brought hither to a strange house—whose very locality you will be unable to name—your inability to call upon one witness to support your story—all will confirm the scandal; and your father, who, yesterday morning, refused to countenance your wishes, will to-morrow compel you to become my wife."

"Sooner than my father should think me the base and degraded wretch you would make me appear, I will die by my own hand, even though the degree of this hour of crime were to cause to me, but I will not die without a struggle. Whoever the tenants of this house may be, there may be one amongst them who yet retains one spark of pity—there may be one who would not hear a woman's voice uttered in distress without an attempt to succor."

As she spoke she perceived a gathering look of alarm in the face of Augustus Horton. That look determined her.

"Come the worst," she cried, "I will make the appeal!"

"Obey me," he cried. "The people here are not scrupulous."

"I care not," she answered. "I can but die!"

"But you shall die in silence!" exclaimed the planter, springing toward her, and clutching the hand which grasped the dagger.

He was too late. Her voice rang through the building in a shrill and piercing scream.

In the deadly silence of the night that sound seemed multiplied by a thousand echoes.

It vibrated in the furthest corner of the edifice.

To the planter's terrified ear it seemed as if the whole city of New Orleans must have been aroused by one woman's cry.

Desperate and infuriated he snatched the dagger from Camilla's grasp, and placing his hand upon her mouth, was about to bury the weapon in her breast, when the door was broken open by a triumphant shout, and three men burst into the room.

These three men were Captain Prud'homme, of the schooner Amazon, the sailor who had carried Paul's letter to Camilla, and Paul Lisimon himself.

"So, so," exclaimed the captain, "you're right, are you? This is where the note came from. What do you mean by it, you thundering knave?"

"How is it that a gentleman can't take a thing at the dice without being disturbed by a woman's noise?"

Before Augustus could answer, Paul Lisimon pushed aside the Captain and clasped Camilla in his arms.

"My Camilla," he cried; "my beloved, how is this that I find you here—here, in this gambling-house at this hour of the night?"

"Ask me no questions," muttered the Spanish girl, "only take me from this place. My brain is bewildered by what I have undergone."

"You—entrap me?" asked Paul, pointing to Augustus Horton, who stood at bay, while the Captain and the sailor threatened him with their drawn cut-throats.

"I would have been here," he said, "if I had not been so busy."

"You hear this fainting girl," exclaimed Paul, still holding Camilla clasped in his left arm, while with his right he held for a pistol in the pocket of his waistcoat.

"Prud'homme—Joel—you are witnesses of the place in which we have found the only daughter of Don Juan Moraguitos! There is some foul plot here, and that man, Augustus Horton, is the mover of it. Tomorrow, sir, you shall account to me for this."

The planter looked meaningfully. "Account to you, Mr. Paul Lisimon, to you—a thief! an escaped felon! The citizens of Louisiana do not cross words

with such as you. You would have done wiser to keep clear of New Orleans. Above all it would have been better for you had you refrained from crossing my path."

He touched a bell in the wall behind him, and it rang through the house with a shrill peal.

"Now, Mr. Lisimon," he said, "we are quits."

A party of about twenty men crowded into the room. The bell had summoned them from the gaming-table.

"Gentlemen," cried Augustus Horton; "I call upon you as citizens of New Orleans to secure the persons of these three men who have this moment made a murderous attack upon my wife, and endeavor to carry away this lady, who is here under my protection. One of them is an escaped felon from the jail of this city."

The gamblers, who were almost all of the same race, rushed at Paul and his companions, but they were many of them unarmed, and those who carried knives flourished them without aim or purpose.

"Prud'homme—Joel!" exclaimed Lisimon, "follow me. Remember, it is for life or death."

Then flinging the slender form of Camilla across his shoulder, the young Mexican flung himself in the midst of the infuriated crowd, and pistol in hand, boldly made for the door.

The point guard he stood upon the threshold with his back to the passage, defending the ground inch by inch, until joined by Prud'homme and Joel.

The rest was comparatively easy. The three men fought their way backward along the passage, down the winding staircase to the street door. Here they were for a moment halted by the mystery of the spring which closed the entrance.

But they were not to be so easily foiled; the captain of the Amazon flung his gigantic frame against the door, his wooden panels cracked as if they had been made of glass, and the spring was burst asunder.

The door—which was used all the night through for the entrance and egress of the gamblers who frequented the house—was only fastened by this spring, and therefore yielded to force more easily than an ordinary barrier.

Once in the street, Paul and his friends were safe.

The gamblers dared not pursue them another step, for to do so would have been to reveal the secret of the gaming-house, which, as the reader knows, held its ground in defiance of the laws of Louisiana.

Mad with baffled rage and fury, Augustus Horton returned to his chamber to await the coming of the morning which would perhaps dawn upon a deadly encounter between himself and Don Juan Moraguitos.

To his surprise, he received no tidings from the Spaniard, but a little after noon his mutilated valet handed him two letters.

One was in the handwriting of Camilla Moraguitos. It breathed the contempt which a noble mind feels for the cowardice of a dastard. It ran thus:

"As the life of a beloved father is far too valuable to be risked in an encounter with a wretch so degraded as yourself, Don Juan will never be told the true history of the events of last night. Rest therefore in security, beneath contempt, too low for revenge."

The second letter was from Paul Lisimon. It was even briefer than that of Camilla.

"You shall yet answer to me for the outrage committed on one who is dearer to me than life. For today you triumph, but a day of reckoning will come ere long. I wait."

Epitome of the Week.

INTERESTING NEWS COMPILATION.

FROM WASHINGTON.

The value of the exports of breadstuffs from the United States for the month of July was \$19,379,291.

A dispatch was received by the state department from Lord Salisbury expressing the sorrow and regret of Queen Victoria at the death of Mr. James Russell Lowell.

Acting Postmaster General Witherell has decided that postal cards the edges of which have been cut and the shape of the card materially changed for advertising purposes cannot be sent through the mails.

The business failures in the United States during the seven days ended on the 14th numbered 227, against 231 the preceding week and 197 for the corresponding week last year.

The exchanges at the leading clearing houses in the United States during the week ended on the 14th aggregated \$240,279,949, against \$1,097,245,367 the previous week. As compared with the corresponding week of 1890 the decrease amounted to 16.1.

Report says that farm products will be worth \$1,000,000 more this year in the United States than they have been during the recent years of depression.

THE EAST.

In New York city thirty persons died from the effects of the heat and eight and a half died in Philadelphia.

A special session of the Vermont legislature will convene August 25.

A train at Landenberg, Del., demolished several buildings, killed two persons and many cattle and ruined crops.

At Cold Spring, L. I., sixteen persons were killed and twenty others injured by the death of an excursion large falling upon them.

New York democrats will hold their state convention at Saratoga Springs on September 15.

At Pittsburgh, Pa., W. E. Schmeitz, boot and shoe dealer, has failed for \$350,000.

The death of George Jones, editor and proprietor of the New York Times, occurred at Poland Springs, Me., on the 12th, aged 80 years.

CHARLES F. JOSE, who had just been elected executive officer of the world's fair commission from Pennsylvania, dropped dead on his way to his home in Harrisburg, Pa.

By a collision between an express train on the Philadelphia & Reading railroad with a freight at Egg Harbor, N. J., nine persons were injured.

At Goshen, N. Y., Miss Anna Dickinson lectured on "Joan of Arc" and showed no signs of insanity.

While en route from New York to Europe Rev. Dr. Nathan Sheadan, the first high caste Brahmin ever converted to the Christian faith, died at sea.

FLAMES destroyed the machinery in the mine of the New Pittsburgh Coal & Coke Company at Alum Cave, Pa. Loss, \$100,000.

NEAR McKeessport, Pa., Harry Courson, 20 years of age, and his 12-year-old sister, were drowned while bathing.

At Syracuse, N. Y., James Buckingham, a servant, made a descent into the lake and was drowned.

The noted Japanese wrestler, Matsuda Sorakichi, died suddenly in New York, aged 37 years.

On the 13th Mrs. Asenath Miller of Chicago, celebrated her 104th birthday. She was in good health.

While smoking cigarettes boys set fire to the barn of Sanford Moss at Anderson, Ind., and three horses and a large amount of hay, grain and farming implements were destroyed.

NEAR Melrose, Minn., a hailstorm leveled thousands of acres of wheat, many farmers losing all their crops, even corn and potatoes.

An investigation of the National Capital Savings Building and Loan association's books in Chicago shows that over 4,000 victims were swindled out of sums aggregating \$90,000.

The failure was reported of William A. Levering, a lumber merchant of Philadelphia, for \$150,000.

The national Farmers' Alliance convention will be held in Indianapolis November 17.

BURGARS killed Mrs. James R. Robertson and her daughter, Miss Belle Robertson, in their house at St. Martinsville, La.

EXHIBITS of the Columbian exposition in Chicago are to be insured for something like \$200,000,000.

Fire destroyed the factory of the Henry C. Hart Manufacturing Company in Detroit causing a loss of \$120,000.

A TORNADE nearly wrecked the village of Ellsworth, Minn.

At Leadville, Col., a thick vein of extremely fine gold of silver ore was struck which was valued at 2,000 to 3,000 ounces to the ton.

The failure of the St. John & Marsh Lumber Company, of Chicago, for \$146,000 was reported.

The ex-secretary of the Camp Washington Building association of Cincinnati, Jacob Franzer, was charged with embezzling \$13,000.

In Illinois the people's party was organized at Springfield and a state central committee chosen.

CHAS. YORGE was hanged at Lexington, Mo., for the murder of George Ferguson, and Henry Henson, a wife-murderer, was hanged in St. Louis.

NEAR Gaylord, Mich., A. W. Wilcox, a well-to-do farmer aged 70 years, killed his 13-year-old granddaughter with an ax and then shot himself dead.

JOHN R. GAMBLE, congressman-elect from South Dakota, died suddenly of his heart in Yenikent of neuralgia of the heart, aged 49 years.

The death of the widow of James K. Polk, the eleventh president of the United States, occurred at her home in Nashville, Tenn. She was in her 83rd year.

By the explosion of a powder mill near Huntington, W. Va., three men were killed and seven injured.

A CLOUDBurst destroyed the village of Campo, Cal. No lives were lost.

DAVID JACOBS and Mrs. Mary Johnson, sentenced to be hanged at Columbia, S. C., for murder, were placed on the scaffold and the nooses adjusted about their necks, when a respite arrived from the governor.

Official figures on the recent congressional election in Tennessee are: Hook (rep.), 15,283; Woodruff (dem.), 6,657. Hook's majority, 8,626.

JOHN COVILL, a prominent citizen of Winston county, Ala., was tortured by burglars until he gave up \$500.

Fire destroyed the office of the Daily Bulletin at Anderson, Ind.

NEAR Fort Wayne, Ind., Christian Benekke, aged 92 years, was burned to death while trying to extinguish a fire that was burning his fence.

A runaway accident the two daughters of R. King, of Nashville, Ind., were fatally hurt.

Representative farmers of Indiana met in Indianapolis and established a state farmer's reading circle.

The percentages of the baseball clubs in the National league for the week ended on the 14th were: Chicago, .583; Boston, .583; New York, .581; Philadelphia, .577; Brooklyn, .571; Cleveland, .565; Cincinnati, .494; Pittsburgh, .376.

The percentages in clubs of the American association were: Boston, .681; St. Louis, .637; Baltimore, .585; Athletic, .526; Columbus, .489; Cincinnati, .431; Louisville, .387; Washington, .310.

In the building of the Norfolk (Va.) storage company flames caused a loss of \$250,000.

The three sons of Wallace Williams, all preachers, were fatally struck by lightning in Stevens county, Ga.

MISS ANNIE HARRISS in attempting a parachute descent from a balloon near Cincinnati was killed, and Prof. Parlier met a like fate at Tacoma, Wash.

MARY BLOK, a widow, died in New Orleans of leprosy. There were other cases in the city.

LAWRENCE COCHRAN and a young lady were thrown from a wagon at Somerset, Ind., during a runaway and killed.

LAWRENCE struck five houses at Elizabethtown, Ind., and Ezra Sisco, Charles McCully and Dr. Thompson were killed.

In a fit of jealousy Dr. Judah, the proprietor of the Avenue hotel at Bedford, Ind., fatally shot his wife and then blew his brains out.

A man lynched Monroe Evans and his son John at Bartlett, Ala., for shooting Pierce Mooney.

At North Ottawa, Kan., E. B. Preston, a lumber merchant, shot and killed his wife and then fatally shot himself. Domestic trouble was the cause.

Oris Jounson and Mike Witzle killed each other in a fight on a train at Texas City, Ill.

NELSON trotted a mile at Independence, Mo., in 2:10, thus beating the world's record.

The firm of John Monte Song Company, of Cincinnati, rope and twine makers, failed for \$100,000.

At Milwaukee three persons died from drinking impure water from a well and several others were dangerously ill.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

NEAR Bowmanville, Ont., Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins and Miss Mary Bee were drowned by the capsizing of a boat.

ADELINE JAFFE threw open her new theater to the world on the 12th at Cradley-Nos, Wales.

In France immense tracts of timber were being consumed by forest fires.

In Hamilton, Ont., John Callahan, an employee of a street railway company, confessed that he had in the last six years embezzled \$13,000.

NEAR Potsdam, Germany, a tornado leveled farm buildings and over a dozen persons were killed.

Two of the leaders of the massacre of British officials in March last were hanged at Manipur, India.

The wheat crop of France will fall 2,000,000 bushels short of supplying its own needs.

Moscow police received orders that would result in expelling all Jews from that city within two months.

FERNIN PEREZ, Hipolyto Gonzales and Bonifacio Valdes, who had been convicted of kidnapping, were executed at Havana.

The total public debt of Brazil is \$356,608,805.

LATER.

It Wasn't Their Day.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 17.—This was another wild day in wheat. Saturday's closing was \$1.00 1/2 for December. The opening this morning was \$1.00 1/2 bid, \$1.01 bid, and some to be had at \$1.11 1/2. Some was had at all the prices named in the first ten seconds.

Within three quarters of an hour after the opening in the great flurry there had been sales at \$1.12 1/2, a great flood of them at \$1.13, and some excited bidders bid \$1.14, while hundreds were selling at a cent lower.

In the height of the excitement one trade of 10,000 bushels was made at \$1.15.

Suddenly it seemed to be the general opinion that the advance had been too strong and December began to drop. By December did drop. The most determined efforts of the bulls could only result in holding it now and then for a minute on the stairs and perhaps boost it up a step or two, only to have it start down again. It was too heavy.

Within a very few minutes it had reached \$1.05. Then more bull news came in and with a hard fight it was brought back to \$1.07, but after an hour of seesawing back and forth between that and \$1.03 1/2, the bears hit it with a club. Down it went to \$1.04 1/2, but soon recovered to \$1.05 1/2 and finally closed at \$1.03.

It is believed that the Russian clause prohibiting the exportation of rye will be rescinded in October. The St. Petersburg Journal states that the czar held out for a long time against the adoption of the clause. It is reported that the German government will reduce the income tax on certain classes in order to mitigate the effects of the stoppage of rye exports from Russia.

Reports reached Portland, Ore., on the 17th, that Mount Hood was in a state of eruption. Smoke could be seen issuing from the mountain. Several distinct earthquake shocks were also heard and felt about 5 o'clock and many of the citizens feel considerably alarmed. Mount Hood is only sixty miles from Portland in a straight line.

At Grand Forks, N. D., the 17th, Rev. W. T. Currie, his daughter Ruth, aged fifteen, and Dora Vandik were drowned while bathing in Red Lake river.

S. L. Bay was arrested at Little Rock, Ark., the 17th, charged with stealing \$100,000 in state scrip.

FOURTEEN persons were killed in a railway collision in Switzerland, on the 17th.

PROFITS FOR FARMERS.

Greater Than in Many Years.—Brilliant Profits Indicated by the "American Agriculturist."

New York, Aug. 17.—Farm profits will be \$1,000,000,000 more this year in the United States than they have been during the recent years of depression. At least this is the estimate put forward by the American Agriculturist in its annual review of the harvest, to be published in the forthcoming September issue of that magazine. On the basis of present prospects this authority estimates the corn crop of 1891 at 2,600,000,000 bushels; wheat, 500,000,000, and oats, 622,000,000 bushels. This makes the total prospective crop of corn, wheat and oats 3,722,000,000 bushels, or 28.8 per cent greater than last year, and 14.7 per cent over the average of the preceding seven years.

The American Agriculturist believes that unless unexpected influences wholly change the current of events the value of corn on the farm will average in December fully 50 cents a bushel; wheat, \$1 per bushel and oats at least 41 cents. On this basis the value of the corn crop to the farmers will be \$1,600,000,000; wheat, \$500,000,000, and oats, \$250,000,000, or a total of \$1,750,000,000. This is \$450,000,000 more than the value of these crops in 1890, and \$625,000,000 more than the value of the average of these crops from 1880 to 1890 inclusive. Cotton and rice will command better prices than last season. Cattle are worth one-third more than eighteen months ago, with other live stock in proportion. Tobacco is advancing heavily for cigar leaf (contracts being made for the crop in the field at an advance of 15 to 30 per cent over last year). Hops are firm at good prices. Winter fruit will command large values, and all vegetables are yielding fairly, with every indication of a remunerative market. The export outlook was never better; immensely increased sums will be sent to the United States for our produce. The agriculturist says there will be no return of "wild" prices, but the money received above expenses will go further and enable the farmer to get more value out of his profits than at any previous period.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

PORT HEDGE, Ill., Aug. 17.—The farmers of northwestern Iowa are besieged by an army of agents of eastern elevators, commission houses, etc., who wish to contract for all thrashed and unthrashed crops for September and October delivery. Lower prices than those of last year are offered on the strength of the general bountiful harvest. Many of the farmers have thus sold their crops in advance.

STILL SOARING.

December Wheat Reaches \$1.08 at Chicago, and \$1.15 at New York.—Big Advance in Rye.—Exacting Days on Change.

CHICAGO, Aug. 17.—The local dealers in cereals completely lost all control over the wheat, corn and rye markets Saturday and many times they as clearly lost control over themselves. There has been no more such wild, excited scrambling—and that is saying much—since Hutchinson's famous wheat corner in the fall of 1888. Outside dealers were as much at sea as the Chicago speculators. The story is only barely indicated by the closing quotations, which show 6 1/2% advance in wheat, 8c in rye and 2 1/2% in corn.

The excitement which characterized the trading in the wheat pit Friday was duplicated at the opening. December, which was being traded in at 99 1/2c at 1:15 Friday, was wanted by hundreds of following bulls and soaring lears at from \$1.01 1/2 to \$1.03 1/2 the moment the bell tapped.

Business for about one minute was done on an enormous scale at from \$1.03 to \$1.03 1/2, and then for a matter of five minutes the crowd made a unanimous rush to sell and the price tumbled to \$1.01 1/2. Its stay at the latter point was short; the same mania which had for a few minutes been in favor of the selling side now changed and it rose to \$1.02, at which point sellers entirely withdrew until the apparently crazy buyers had advanced their bids to \$1.05. Some sales at that time were made as high as \$1.05 1/2 before it once more began to recede. The reaction following the latter bulge stopped when it got down to \$1.04 1/2. The market acted exceedingly firm, with an upward trend reaching to \$1.05 1/2 and back again to \$1.04 a few times, and then, as on the preceding bulge, the entire pit full of perspiring, haggard and excited brokers yelled their bids, and as nothing but higher and still higher prices could induce anyone to sell, bids of \$1.05, \$1.06, \$1.07 and finally \$1.08 were thundered simultaneously from 500 husky throats as the price shot up. Succeeding the fluctuations already given there was a decline to \$1.05 1/2 and the close was \$1.06 1/2.

It would have been an exciting day for speculators in grain if even wheat had remained stationary. Corn was only of secondary interest because as a rule the crowd trading in it is smaller than that in wheat. The fluctuations were frequent and of sufficient severity to be called sensational and, as in wheat the trend of prices was strongly upward. September, which at one period of the session sold as low as 50 1/2c, only reached its pinnacle when it touched 65 1/2c; and it stood at 62 1/2c at the close of the session, or 2 1/2% above the point it stopped at Friday. The advance was due for the most part to the excitement in the wheat market, and that was taken out of by those who are working the bull side of the deal. Oats hardly kept pace with other cereals, the net gain amounting to only 3/4c. Rye jumped 8c, closing firm at \$1.01 for September. This was the top price for the day, 99c being the opening and low. Trading was active and there was considerable fluctuation between the extremes.

Conservative traders pronounce the character of Friday's and Saturday's market a stampede. The shorts got badly scared after the experience of Ed Partridge, who is said to have dropped nearly \$1,000,000 on the bear side. At the same time there were unusually heavy buying orders from foreign countries, and every short trader rushed to cover at sacrifices ranging all the way from 15 cents to 20 cents a bushel. The sacrifice had to be made, and it was bravely met and manfully stood, because there was not even a rumor of the collapse of any of the big speculators. Expected extraordinary in the rush, and they maintain also that it cannot last very long. At present the farmers deliver little or nothing. The spring wheat is not yet harvested, and the supply of winter wheat is exceedingly small.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—On sales of 11,500 bushels in option, wheat prices in the short Saturday market of only one hour and a half rushed up over five points at the produce exchange. The bulls were in full control. Cables reported the foreign market booming on news of the American rise. At noon, when the market closed, wheat for September delivery was selling at \$1.12 1/2, after a day of extraordinary nervous

